

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

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WASHED by the rain and bleached by the wind, the roads afford excellent going when the weather permits of a spin. Like angels' visits, these occasions are few and far between, as something seems to have put the weather all out of gear.

I recollect G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., had wet weather on no less than four occasions last year when he was to have attempted a road record; T. A. Durant has had the same sloppy experience this year on four Club medal rides.

During the last few weeks the former has had designs on another road record, whilst the latter has—figuratively speaking, of course—had his eye on another Club medal.

And herein lies the cause of the bad weather we are suffering from!

No sooner does the glass shift away from the region of "More wet" than a time schedule from Olley, or a notice from Durant of another medal ride, comes along, and once again our visions of late autumn spins are shattered, and we are plunged into gloom and—mud.

When the Irrepressible and the Vegetarian have quite finished, we may possibly resume our much interrupted cycling season. In the meantime there is the danger that despairing wheelmen may misinterpret the barometer's everlasting "More wet" as an invitation to "Have another!"

Thank you, mine's sunshine!

"Have another!"

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One good job has been polished off, however—the One Mile Championship of Sussex, which has been twice declared "off" owing to the time limit having been exceeded.

No limit was fixed this time. The race was held on Wednesday at Preston Park, only Charman and Vallen, of Brighton, and Thompsett, of Horsham, facing the Starter. A good race resulted in an unexpected victory for the Horsham novice, who won by about a length from Charman in two minutes thirty-five seconds.

The veteran, Sam Clark, then "went for" "Daddy" Beck's one mile veterans' record, which stood at three minutes and two-fifths of a second, and was fifty yards short of the full mile.

Carrying his burden of forty-eight years as lightly as a youth, Sam sped along in great style, and rode the full distance in the splendid time of two minutes and forty seconds. Bravo, Sam!

On Saturday E. Baruch Blaker was at Southport, taking part in the motor cycle speed trials.

In a test over one kilometre Blaker attained a speed of over fifty-two miles an hour—which is tall.

On a similar machine, but fitted with a more

powerful motor, his friend Tessier achieved the success of the trial. His velocity was nearly sixty-three miles an hour!

It must feel like being fired out of a gun!

F. W. Shorland—perhaps, in his days, as famous a cyclist as has ever been—was driving a motor car in the recent trials, and was held up at Horsham by the Police.

So the hero of a long tale of twelve and twenty-four hours races had perforce to open a little account at the Horsham Police Court, depositing ten shillings as a commencement.

Shorland must not grumble!

About ten years ago, on the occasion of a North Road twenty-four hours road race, the Huntingdon Police laid a trap for him and his fellow scorchers, and sat by the roadside all night for the wicked road racers who came not. A cycling Police sergeant had blown the Constabulary plot, and the route was changed!

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